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Miscellanies.

From the Parthenon.

PORT ROYAL.

BY SAMUEL HASSARD

"If ever I set foot on this accursed shore again, may the ground open and swallow me alive!"

The recording angel heard it: conscience notched it upon her tablet, with a style of iron, in characters of fire.

The speaker had just stepped from the beach of Port Royal, into a boat that belonged to a ship in the harbor, which, even then, was spreading her broad wings for merry England. He had come over the sands with hasty and uneasy steps, as if the earth burned his feet. The imprecation was not loud, but deep. It was heaved from a heart, filled almost to bursting with a sense of wrong, and the baffled desire of vengeance. In its passage from the human volcano, it had scarred and blackened every thing; and, as it escaped from his lips, left upon his countenance a most unheavenly and unearthly aspect. What were the sufferings, what the wrongs; that gave birth to a curse so dreadful, that as he stood for a moment, rigid in limb and muscle, with set teeth and pallid brow, glaring upon the soil he had left, the hardened mariners held their oars suspended, and gazed at him aghast!

"Off! push off!" he cried with startling energy. The sailors lay to their oars; the boat shot from the shore—it reached the ship; she glided from the beautiful harbor of Port Royal, like an ocean queen, and vanished, on the horizon's verge, like a spirit of the air.

Why that curse? The everlasting mountains did not topple down upon him, as the vessel glided along the shore, and thus, in some unknown way, accomplish his impious vow; although they pointed to heaven as swift witnesses against him, and he felt, when they disappeared behind the waves, as if he had heaved them from his breast. Why that rash vow?

Early in the seventeenth century, Reginald Harper, a Scotch gentleman of good family, but scanty resources, removed to Jamaica, to dig pelf under its burning sun. Denying himself the usual solaces of domestic life—wife, children and friends—he bent his powers to the great object of making money, with a *nationality* and a singleness of heart and effort, which almost invariably insure success. Fortune, however, is not always propitious to her devoted worshippers. The fickleness of the elements, the treachery of trusted friends, and the thousand capricious fluctuations of the irregular tide of trade, baffled his calculations, brought him losses instead of gains, and drove happiness from his bosom, and sleep from his pillow. Twice, he achieved an independence, and twice, he *failed*; and when, at last, at the age of fifty-one, he withdrew from business, it was with many a "longing, lingering look," cast behind at the field where larger fortunes than the competency upon which he was retiring, had been won. "*And lost*," was not embraced in the scope of his retrospections. Strongly was he tempted to rush again into the arena, and risk his all upon one hazard more. But his better genius interposed. Listening to its voice, the old bachelor of fifty-one, the sworn thrall of mammon, turned aside from the busy world, to try—in the language of Omar, the son of Hassan—"what could be found in female delicacy." Unlike that eastern sage and bachelor, he easily found women as beautiful as the Houris, and as wise as *serpents*, if not as Zobeide; for he had money.

But may the affections be thus trifled with, and no harm come of it? Can a man, during the flower and vigor of his age, be constantly engaged in piling the dross and rubbish of this world upon the fountains of the heart's sweet waters, and, after half a century of neglect, expect to have them bubble up at his bidding? My life on it; they are choked and dried up ere that. We cannot, with impunity, thus postpone the business of loving and being loved. He who does it, generally finds, at last, that he has sown the wind to reap the whirlwind. Kind Heaven has given us affections of which the indulgence is to be blended with our toils. It has ordained a helpmeet to man, not to be the plaything of his dotage, but to be the friend, the wife of his *youth*; to lighten his labors, assuage his sorrows, and sweeten the cup of blessing, by *sharing* it. He who thinks that he can consecrate to the world the morning of his days, and to love and happiness, the lees and dregs of existence, will find himself deservedly and miserably disappointed. Calculation, we allow, may win the worldly bachelor a rich wife; accident may give him an amiable one; but, by no calculation can he realize the blessedness of "*John Anderson my Jo*;"* no accident but death, elopement, or "Doctors' Commons," can rid him of a shrew, or that other monster, *a belle after marriage*.

Having made money enough, or rather being afraid of losing what he had, Reginald Harper turned aside from the service of mammon, to do sacrifice to Hymen. To Cupid—alas, and alackaday—him who usually acts as master of ceremonies to the saffron-robed deity, and, for decency's sake, stands god-father to most matches; to Cupid, alas, he paid not the least attention. A certain dart of pain, indeed, shot through his breast, as gazing on the urchin's face, a dim vision of his eighteenth summer floated before his memory, associated with his cousin Agnes, long, long since a happy wife and mother; but it passed off, and he turned from the sneering archer to his principal.

But why expend figures of speech on a subject to which figures of arithmetic alone have any application. It was understood that the rich bachelor was in the market. Bidders for the article were not wanting: for of its kind, it was a very good specimen. To cut the matter short, Reginald Harper married; married, at fifty-one, a raging belle of twenty.

We pass over the history of their domestic felicity. It must have been of that kind called *aching* bliss, and did not agree with Mr Harper's health; for in less than two years after marriage, notwithstanding that a son was added to the treasures of his "heart and home," he left his solitude, and engaged in business more deeply than ever. And although he now had a partner in trade, brief and far between were the hours abstracted from this iron bondage, to be devoted, even to his beautiful boy, on whom he doated; his wife's happiness *depended not on his attentions*. Any unsophisticated stranger would have taken her for Mrs Richard Williams, rather than Mrs Reginald Harper. But we must hasten; for our tale has yet a weary length of years to traverse. Mr Harper's health and spirits continued to ebb. The physicians prescribed a sea voyage. He accordingly embarked for Scotland, taking with him his son Duncan, then five years of age. He left him near Edinburgh, with his only brother, George Harper, to be educated. For this purpose, he left in his brother's hands, one thousand pounds; he then took passage for Jamaica; but died suddenly within sight of the island. He left no Will; but as the last incoherent words he uttered, were, "my son," "wife," and "Richard," the authorities of the island construed them as items of a testament; and accordingly appointed his half brother and partner, Richard Williams, administrator to the estate, and guardian of his only son, Duncan Harper. His widow, inconsolable for his loss, and that she might express in the strongest manner her reverence for his supposed opinion, within three months, chose the same guardian for herself; in a word, she became, *de facto*, Mrs R. Williams.

We must now speak more particularly concerning this lady. And here, let no man doubt our testimony. Truth is often stronger than fiction; and real life presents us with anomalies of human wickedness, that far transcend the wildest creations of romance. Mrs Williams was not *positively* a bad woman; although, *phrenologically*, she must have had a very bad head. Her failings, at first, were mostly negative; such as want of mind and want of heart; sad wants, indeed, in the economy of either sex. In one word, she was thoughtless, heartless, and a beauty—the very material, opportunity being given, to make a monster of. Let me fall into the hands of an incarnation of Alecto; *remorse* may *possibly* visit such a breast; but from the tender mercies of a heartless woman—a Mahometan woman, without a soul even to lose—mercy deliver me.

But can a mother forget the son she hath borne? Yea, can she—yea, she may; certainly did Mrs Williams. Other children were born to her. "Out of sight, out of mind."—Dress, the dissipations of dissolute Port Royal, and the little Williamses, occupied her whole attention. The idea of the little Harper was certainly once impressed upon her: for his Scotch uncle wrote, telling of his growth, good looks, and progress in learning; but his guardian was left to answer this, and to send what love she had to spare. And then came also little Duncan's *first letter*. Heart of womankind! how could she resist it! "It is a pretty hand," she said, "t's are rather tall; hate a tall t; will read it after I return from Mrs C's. ball." And little Duncan ceased to write. This occurred in the first year of her second marriage. Five years after that event, when asked the age of her *eldest son*, she would answer, "Four years, madam; George Williams, hold up your head, my dear, and tell the lady your age."

Williams was naturally a very shrewd and industrious man; and at the time of his half-brother's death, had been unfaithful to him only in one particular. He had not proved himself quite a Joseph. What subsequent temptations made him, our tale, in its progress, will reveal. Suffice to say here, that on settling the affairs of the company, the deceased partner was found deeper in the survivor's debt, than any one could have imagined; that at the close of the second year after Mr Harper's death, a very active correspondence took place between Williams and George Harper, and that from that time thenceforward, all communications to Scotland were addressed to George Harper, and never, in any instance, to Duncan.

George Harper, we have already stated, was own brother to the deceased Reginald. He was a country merchant, and resided within a few miles of Edinburgh. In his youth, he had been addicted to dissipation; latterly, he had become quite staid and attentive to business. But in his brother's death, there seemed an irresistible something, that threw him back irrecoverably upon his early habits. He gave up his shop; and to the astonishment of every body that was acquainted with his indifferent circumstances, spent, for a succession of seven or eight years, at least five hundred pounds per annum, in expensive and dissolute pleasures.—The Scotch, though called the 'Yankees of Britain,' could not discover the mysterious sources of this extravagance.—"Reginald Harper had not left much property." George had said it in his neighbors' hearing repeatedly—"and if he had, why was Duncan treated and brought up as a poor man's son?" They could not fathom it—it was none of their business, yet, *folks did talk*.

Poor Duncan! It seemed to be the fate of this unfortunate boy, to win all hearts, but those over which nature had given him a legitimate claim. The explanation in either case, is, however, easy. He was beautiful and highly gifted; mild, modest, and engaging; he was *an only son and heir*; consequently, a stumbling block in the way of his near relations. George Harper and his family labored systematically to efface from his mind all recollections of his native land, and of the circumstances of his birth. Father and mother were never named to him; and whenever they happened incautiously to speak of Jamaica, and discovered the breathless interest kindled by the word in his speaking eye and countenance, the subject was changed. Poor pitiful attempt! As well might they have commanded the lake not to reflect the image of the tree that grew upon its edge. The lessons of the heart are *engraved*, not *written*; they can be removed only by *cutting*. Hill, valley and stream, house, garden and play grounds, the tales of the nursery, whatever had greatly pleased or deeply grieved, were marked indelibly upon his heart, in all the exaggerated proportions and coloring, in which external things and the other circumstances of its being, appear to the magnifying eye of childhood. Blurred they might be by time, distorted by the growth of the sapling on which they had been cut; but there they were; and there they were to remain, until the tablet which bore them, perished. Wonderful were the stories which young Duncan told his companions; beautiful his recollections of his childhood; though dim, yet, like dreams of the morning, more beautiful for their dimness. Faint as they were, their outlines were far more definite than his notions of his present self and situation; a vague idea of wrong pressed upon his mind; numberless were the questions he would have asked, had not all inquiry been repressed by the unchanging coldness and harshness of his guardians.

But Duncan increased in stature; and in favor with God and man. This did not answer his *friends'* wishes. Their object was to hide him from the world. Their interest, perhaps their safety, required that he should know as little, and be as little known, as possible. They would have changed his name, if they could. As it was, they made him a menial about their establishment—literally a sawer of wood and a drawer of water, and by every appliance, endeavored to bind and confine his mind to the degraded sphere in which they had placed him. Vain, impotent effort! even a galley-slave's thoughts are free. Often has the oppressor's eye quailed beneath the calm, reproachful look of injured innocence.—Thus did George Harper's. Duncan was a basilisk to his sight; and, as he drew towards the age of sixteen, his uncle began to fear, as well as hate him. "You are, and always have been dependent upon me for food, clothing and shelter;" this his uncle had often told him. Poor Duncan could not disprove it, although something in his heart gave it the lie direct. But now, when his uncle in an unguarded moment, threw out his taunt, he asked him: "Did not my father leave one thousand pounds in Scotland?" Harper's eye sank beneath the boy's.

"What's your idea about it?" said he.

"That my father left one thousand pounds in your hands," said he, steadily.

"A—hem—yes," said Harper, "but it was a legacy to me, and you had n't any right to a stiver of it.

"It is very odd," said Duncan, with a bitter smile, "that

*See Robert Burns.

a man should leave his child and a sum of money in another's hands, and that the person trusted, should take the money as a present to himself, and bring up the man's son on charity. Is it not?"

George Harper had been drinking; his brain was not so clear; so he muttered a curse and turned away. It was evident that the spirit of the past was now constantly present with Duncan; and that by revelation or some other way, he had attained a pretty clear idea of the real state of things.—His stature was already that of a tall man; and thought sat constantly on his calm, stern brow. "These cursed neighbors will talk. What do they know and be —— to them," said George Harper. And to drown his own thoughts, he increased his potations. "Duncan is evidently thinking of something; who knows but that it may be vengeance—but what can *he prove*, and be —— to him." And he got dead drunk.

Duncan had indeed been able to glean from the neighbors a great many collateral facts, from which, and his own recollections, he shaped his conception of his wrongs. He was of course still greatly in the dark; he could not explain, to his own satisfaction, why his mother had never written to him; and he delighted to think of her, as a fellow sufferer with himself. His heart clung to this idea of community with one fellow being, even in suffering; and his mind reached forward to the time when he should be able to redress her and himself.

A striking change had now taken place in his treatment. Fawning words and sickening attentions, succeeded to taunts and insults. No more requisition was made for his time and services. He was left at the critical age of sixteen, to do what seemed good in his own eyes. The great object that occupied his mind, and a love of study, defended him from temptation, and preserved his virtue. A great change also came over George Harper. He had been flush of cash; now, for a whole year, he *went upon tick*. A second year went in the same manner; at the commencement of the third, his creditors opened their eyes to the fact that the secret sources of his wealth were dried up. Then followed warrants, and attachments, and seizures on their part; and the most intemperate and unguarded curses upon Williams, for a rogue and a villain, on the part of Harper; to all of which Duncan listened with ears erect, and a mind busy in deducing and comparing. A year of most intolerable misery to the wretched man followed. Could he have been sober long enough, he might have confessed; but he died in a fit, and "gave no sign."

Mrs George Harper was a simple soul. A moment of excessive grief for her loss, or rather her own destitute situation, opened her heart.

"How came uncle to fail?" asked Duncan.

"Your uncle Williams, in Jamaica, cheated him out of five hundred a year, which your father had left him."

"How came father to leave uncle George five hundred a year, and me nothing?"

"Your uncle Williams has got all your property in his hands. He would not send you any thing himself, nor let your mother."

"How came he to send uncle George's and not mine?"

"Why, he was a man, and you nothing but a boy."

"Right; but why did n't the man see the boy righted?"

"Why, Duncan, you were little—and 't is so far to Jamaica"—

"Ay; but I am a man now," said he, "and it shall be but a step."

He cast about him for the means to accomplish this resolution. He was poor, but not quite friendless. Fortunately for him, about this time, a gentleman who many years before, had left the obscure village where Duncan dwelt, and settled in Bristol, revisited his native place. He saw Duncan, was pleased with him, and offered to put him into his counting house. The youth, with joy, accepted the offer.—He served for a small salary, the first year; for a larger one, the second; for a handsome one, the third; at the end of which, he was one and twenty years of age, and the master of one thousand pounds. "Now," said he, "for my rights, and a mother's love!"

On one of the loveliest mornings that ever dawned on the bright Caribbean, Duncan stepped on deck, and saw the blue mountains of Jamaica, within a few miles of him. The electric chain of memory was touched; and thoughts that long had folded their wings, and slept in his secret soul, awoke. There lay his own fairest isle of the ocean; beautiful, yet not more beautiful than its miniature which he had faithfully worn in his bosom, and now compared with the bright original. How like, and yet, how different. Calmly it sat, throned on the waves—lifting its serene head above the clouds to the spotless empyrean, the queen of that summer ocean.

He gazed until his eyes were blinded with tears. He longed to overcome that remaining distance at a step; and to try at once, the joy or pain that awaited him on his native shore.

Our most unsymmetrical tale requires, once again, a change of scene. We are now at the country house of Richard Williams, Esq., near Port Royal. This gentleman and his wife had run a wilder career than even George Harper. Situated at the fountain head of that wealth of which a little golden stream had only found its way to Scotland, they scattered it about, as if it could never be exhausted.—But it soon ran low, and the Scottish *bayou* was stopped, and sixteen years, pretty equally divided between the infamous pleasures of the capital—at that time, probably, the wickedest place in the world, and the angry bickerings and solitary debaucheries of their country dwelling, sufficed to drain the fountain. In a word, at the death of George Harper, not a penny of his brother's personal estate remained unspent, and the last acre of his land was under mortgage. Williams contrived to elude his creditors, by cunning manœuvres and bold practical jokes. For instance.—An officer who did not know Williams, was riding towards his plantation, one day, to arrest him for debt. He was overtaken by another gentleman, and they rode on together very sociably. When they came in sight of the house,

"See," says the stranger, "what a fine place that old rascal, Williams, has here."

"Yes, but he owes every penny of it," said the constable.

"Impossible!" said the strange gentleman.

"Yes," said the catchpole, pulling out a paper, "and here I have a writ for him."

"Will you let me look at it?" and the writ was handed over without any hesitation.

"And now," said the stranger, pulling out a pistol, "I am that same old rascal; and if you do n't chew this paper up, I will blow your brains out; and not only chew it, but swallow it."

And he sat, with his pistol cocked, till the officer, with rueful grimaces, had masticated and swallowed the last morsel. "And now," said he, "ride home and digest it."

Another officer, who also labored under the disadvantage of not knowing Williams, was sent on a similar errand. He rode up to the plantation, and accosted a man in a carter's frock, whom he met by the sugar house.

"Is Mr Williams at home?"

"Yes," said the fellow, "the old rascal is at home."

The officer turned towards the house. The man in the frock called after him. "Mister," said he, with a knowing wink and confidential tone, "it wont be safe."

"What wont be safe?" asked the constable.

"Why, to do what you have come for;" said he, with another intelligent wink. "The old rascal will set his negroes on you, and tear you to pieces."

The man of the law looked dumb foundered.

"The best thing you can do," said his new ally, "is this. 'T is now nearly sundown. The old rascal starts for Port Royal, about dusk, on one of his infernal sprees. He is afraid to go in the day time. You had better lay in ambush, in that cane piece near the bridge: and take him as he passes."

"Exactly so," said the constable.

And in a few minutes, he had stationed himself among the tall canes, in the middle of a five acre lot. His friend promised to fasten his horse at the bridge. He did so; for he took him to the bridge, and nailed his hoofs to the plank.

It is well known that the cane crop is almost entirely cut off by rats; and that when they get into a field, the only means of destroying them is fire; and that the canes, when ripe, will burn like a prairie in autumn. "Boys," said Williams to his negroes, about dusk, "that cane piece by the river is full of rats. Set fire to it all round, and burn them out." The constable sat crouched in the middle of the field, chuckling over the trap he was going to spring upon Williams. Suddenly he hears a crackling. He pricks up his ears; he lifts up his head above the canes. Horror of horrors! he is the centre of a circle of fire! It is rapidly contracting! It is running down upon him on all sides! What is to be done? He springs off like a deer. He dashes, dreadfully scorched, through the fiery ring; he springs upon his horse; neither kicks nor blows can make him move; the negroes are after him in full cry; off he darts, on foot, once more, like an antelope; nor looks behind, until he enters Port Royal.

By such ingenious devices, Williams had made himself terrible to the limbs of the law, and admired by all the rogues and libertines of the island.

Mrs Williams, in her thoughtless abandonment to pleasure, had taken no note of the passage, either of time or money. She was no longer rich, she was no longer young. But she had acquired decision of character by age. As in youth she had been *negatively*, so now she was *positively*, bad. The heart cannot remain vacant through a long life. If not early occupied by good and virtuous affections, it will become, in age, the cage of all the unclean and hateful birds that haunt the desert of life.

Mr Williams and his lady sat looking very angrily at each other. He had been asking her for money—for still she had a little left—and had been answered with taunts and reproaches.

"You have spent all my property, as well as Duncan's," said she. "I will not give you money to feed your vicious propensities."

"A good one!" cried Williams with a laugh. "Satan rebuking sin! Propensities! ha, ha! and Duncan? why, my good lady, I am not his *mother*. Besides, you know, my dear, the boy is dead. Ha! ha!"

A rap was heard at the door, and the servant announced a strange gentleman to wait upon Mr and Mrs Williams.—The elements of strife were immediately hushed. They had not sacrificed so largely to the graces of polite life, as from a hurricane to be able to bring upon the heaven of their faces, the serene brightness of May-day, in the twinkling of an eye. The clouds still lowered fearfully, although the winds had fallen, and the thunder had ceased to growl.

A young gentleman was introduced. He was pale and considerably agitated: so, much so, indeed, that he seated himself, without announcing his name.

"I have not the honor of your acquaintance, sir," said Williams.

"I am just from England," said the stranger.

"Ay, ay, I understand; doubtless, in search of a book-keeper's place. I have given up the planting business altogether—followed it in my younger days—but 't is well to retire on one's means, and enjoy one's self, you know—ha, ha!"

"You mistake me altogether," said the young man.

"Or," resumed Williams, "you would like a clerkship in a counting house—could have helped you there, too, once—but sold long ago—well, to take one's comfort when one is growing old; ha, ha, ha!"

"You are wrong again, sir," said the stranger.

"Then," said Williams, "you may be travelling for pleasure—should have liked your company yesterday—had a few friends to dinner—but to-day"—

"Although I am neither book-keeper nor errant clerk," said the stranger, rising, "yet my errand is business and not pleasure. I am a friend of that lady's son, Duncan Harper."

"The devil you are!" quoth Williams.

"Yes, sir; and the bearer of a message from him to her and to you."

The mention of Duncan's name, sent the blood from Williams's face to his heart. But instead of overthrowing him, as such recoils of the life stream usually do, it strengthened him and resumed its wonted flow, leaving all his powers of cunning on the alert.

"You have kept your errand snugly," said Williams.—"Hardly worth doing, after such a lapse of years, I should think."

"'T is but a few days, sir, since he delivered it to to me."

"A message from the dead! ha, ha, ha! pray, sir, in what shape did Duncan's ghost appear to you?"

"Dead, sir?" said the youth in unaffected amazement, "the dead?"

"Ay, sir, dead, sir; is it any thing strange that a boy should die, sir? You say you have a message from Duncan, only of a few days standing; now I say that Duncan has been dead these ten years."

The youth stood as if petrified. "Dead?" he repeated. "Dead! can it be?"

"Dead, sir? Ay, sir, dead;" said Williams. "What have you got to say to that, sir?"

"That you have been grossly imposed on;" said the stranger, fixing his eyes steadily on Williams as he spoke.

"I am not so easily imposed on as you may think, or perhaps, *hope*; warmly rejoined Williams.

"Sir," said the youth, "I assure you, on my honor, that young Harper is not dead."

"Sir, I tell you, on mine, that he is;" said the other stoutly.

"Have you the particulars of his death, sir?"

"Particulars? yes, sir, particulars; as this: "Died of fever, at Lasswade, North Britain, on the 25th August, Duncan, only son of Reginald Harper, late deceased, aged ten years." And he stepped to his desk, and took from thence an old number of "the Port Royal Gazette," for November, 1672, in which the above notice was found regularly entered in the record of deaths. He handed it to the youth, and continued: "And not only that, sir, but I have also a letter from my friends in North Britain, giving all the particulars—but I know not that you have any claim for further information."

"Sir," said the stranger, "I assure you most solemnly, that I have. If you have further evidence, I pray you not to withhold it."

"Say you so? then there, sir;" and he drew from the desk a letter, in the hand writing, and with the signature of George Harper, deceased, and bearing date August, 1672, giving a detailed account of the sickness, death and obsequies of Duncan Harper!

The youth read and re-read the letter. There was no mistake about it. The letter had all the marks of age, and the hand writing of Harper could not be easily counterfeited.

"Well sir," said Williams, "are you satisfied? Is Duncan Harper dead, or not?"

"I have at least, evidence," replied he slowly, "that you have been most foully imposed upon."

"Imposed on? I tell you, sir, that 's not easily done.—There 's no imposition in the case."

"Then, sir," cried the youth, crushing the letter in his hand, and stamping violently; "you are part and parcel of a most damnable conspiracy!"

"Sir!" cried Williams.

"Yes," cried the excited youth, coming boldly forward, and giving full vent to the convictions that had been gradually dawning upon him; "yes, sir, imposition or conspiracy, take either side; for I am Duncan Harper, and that lady is my mother. Madam, mother, is it possible that you do not know your son? Does not your heart acknowledge me?"

American mother, what would you have done? Turkish,

Algerine, savage, mother, what would you have done? Mrs Williams looked upon the pale and most earnest face before her; she saw his outstretched arms and imploring attitude. She spoke. "Duncan was dark favored, you are light; his hair was fair, yours is brown; besides, as Mr Williams says, we have Duncan's death from the best authority."

"But God in Heaven!" cried the excited youth; "is there not something in your bosom that tells me I am your son, in spite of all evidence to the contrary? You dare not say that I am not your son."

"You are not," said she coldly.

"Look, mother, look," said he in an imploring tone; and as he spake, he drew very near her, and bared his right arm; "look here, and here; this scar was made by the cutlass of the runaway slave, that struck at you, when you were crossing the mountains, with me in your arms; and these three moles, you must have seen them, if any body; for they were there on my birthday."

A shudder ran through the frame of Mrs Williams. It was the last struggle of expiring nature. Duncan took her hand.

"Away!" she cried—"impostor; you are not my son!"

"Oh God!" groaned the unfortunate youth, and rushed out of the house.

"Heh!" said the old black porter, as the stranger hurried past him; "how much him favor little massa Duncan! berry much indeed."

Long and terrible was the agony of Duncan's soul, after he returned to his inn. Injured humanity at length asserted its claims, and anger took the place of grief. He might, by returning to Scotland, obtain overwhelming proofs of his identity. But then, the ruinous delay. Was there no surviving friend of his father, who might be made to recognize and advise him? He found several such. One was an eminent counsellor. "You have appealed to the laws of nature, like a green boy, as you are; and, of course, in vain," said he; "now try those of the land." "Sue a beggar," &c., said another; "you know that Williams is not worth a farthing; why involve the young man in needless expense?" "Who talks of expense, when justice is to he done?" rejoined the barrister. The outraged feelings of the youth, induced him to follow the lawyer's counsel. All possible evidence was collected; the local associations of places, which at Duncan's presence, had waked in crowds, and claimed him for an old acquaintance; his distinct recollection of many facts of his childhood, known to many then living; the saying of the old negro, "that him favor little massa berry much, though he don't favor missis or dead massa:" all this mass of evidence was arrayed, and allowed its full force; but on the other had, he bore but a very slight resemblance to either of his pretended parents; there was the letter of George Harper, certifying Duncan's death, which none but the plaintiff had pronounced false; and proof positive in Nature's or any other court, *the mother swore that he was not her son.*—The court therefore pronounced the plaintiff not to be Duncan Harper—declared the evidences of said Duncan's death ample and sufficient; that the plaintiff had no claims whatever on Williams, as executor of Reginald Harper; and further, that he pay all costs of this prosecution and investigation. In addition to all this, Duncan had found the West India proverb, that "an advocate is dumb, unless you stand behind him all the time he is pleading, and pitch doubloons into his pocket," substantially correct as applied to the *friend of his father*, who had advised him to try the laws of the land. After all expenses of this suit were paid, he found himself with barely one hundred pounds in his pocket; and he had the further satisfaction of learning that this same disinterested legal friend, was instigating Williams to have him taken up as an impostor. It was too much for his heart to bear. He engaged a passage for England in the first vessel; and as he left his native soil, uttered a terrible prayer. "If ever I set foot on this accursed shore again, may the ground open and swallow me alive!"

Is it wonderful? He came for justice, but fell among thieves; he fled from unkindness in a foreign land, to the sanctuary of a mother's love; she who bore him said that she knew him not; all but the dumb earth, had loaded him with accumulated wrong. Is it wonderful that he fled from such a storm of outrage, breathing curses on himself and the land that bore him?

Duncan landed in England with the feelings of Byron's Harold. "And now I 'm in the world alone." The iron had entered his soul too deeply to be easily extracted; and, for a long time, he was without a smile. But time, and the consciousness that, however his own flesh and blood had disowned him, he still was worthy to be loved, at length relieved him. His soul lifted itself from the dust. His mercantile friend at Bristol, again took him kindly by the hand. He served him upon hire, two years longer; and then, upon his retirement, himself and a brother clerk assumed the business as principals. Success crowned his speculations. The elasticity of his spirit returned. The freshness of childhood seemed infused once more into his bosom. The dews of the spring time of life, fell once more upon his heart, changing all of desert that was there, to a garden, rejoicing and blossoming as the rose. And a spirit, "a form of life and light," which, repelled by the absorbing and chill cares of his youth, had hitherto been a stranger to his bosom, came and took up its abode in his renovated Eden. His soul, pressed with a consciousness of capacity for still higher bliss, sprang to meet the angelic visitant, with a portion of that enthusiasm with which Adam received his "last best gift" from her Heavenly Maker's hand. For, the visitant, in either case, was the same; the gift, without which, Eden itself were a solitude, was woman's love.

Duncan loved, and was beloved. She was beautiful and good, and we take great pleasure in introducing one such being to shed a little gladness upon our most sombre tale; she was beautiful as a fairy, and had the most beautiful name in the world. Sweet name! we can hardly hear it mentioned without pausing to apostrophise it, and to breathe a blessing for its owner, whoever she may be. Ave Maria! but we are no Catholic; whence then its charm? Sweet name! enshrined essence—epitome of female loveliness! had we an hundred daughters, they should all be named Mary.

Duncan married. Fate at length had ceased to persecute him; the spectre of his native land had been long since laid; he swam upon a sea of bliss. Ten years after his marriage, Duncan Harper was the happiest husband and father in Bristol; the favorite of fortune; the cynosure of public confidence and of private respect.

But—but—is it possible? Are there more breakers ahead? More changes to come over the sky of his fate? "When the sun rises and goes into a cloud," say the weather-wise, "even though it may be clear at noon, it will storm before night."

Reverses came. Sickness entered his family, and removed a favorite child. Excessive grief preyed upon the mother's health; and induced, at length, such alarming symptoms, that the physicians declared that nothing but a change of scene, and a warmer climate could save her life. The husband proposed Italy. "A longer voyage, and a warmer region," said the doctors. "The West Indies, for instance." "Jamaica, dearest," said the invalid. "O, I long to see that beautiful land; to wander on its evergreen hills; to feel its balmy winds." She had learned from her husband nothing of his native land, but his beautiful recollections of his childhood; the rest he had buried deep, and sealed up inviolably, in his own bosom. "Jamaica, dearest, said the lovely Mary Harper; and she rung the changes upon it, with the affecting pertinacity of a sick child. "Jamaica!" what ailed the anxious husband that he started at the name, as if stung with pain? Absorbed in the welfare of her in whose life his own was bound up, he paused not to analyse the sensation. He would have circumnavigated the globe, had he thought it necessary to her health or happiness. They embarked immediately on board the good ship Astrea; and once more Harper's face was set towards his native land, with a favorable breeze.

The delightful weather and the novel scenes of ocean had the happiest effect on the health and spirits of Mrs Harper. But it seemed that the strength and elasticity of mind which she gained, were, by a species of animal magnetism, abstracted from her husband. As her health rose, his sank; and when their voyage was only half completed, he was decidedly the patient; she, the nurse. His sleep was interrupted with distracted starts and mutterings; his days were spent in uneasy pacings of the deck, and gazing, until his vision became dim, in the direction whither their vessel was hurrying. At length, the ship overtook the trade wind, in its eternal flight after the sun. Wings were now literally added to their speed. Swift flew the Astrea towards the far South-West, whither clouds, and winds, and waves, were hurrying, as if to some great congress of the elements.

The first green island of the lovely Caribbean at length rose above the deep. Every eye was turned upon it with rapture, except his, who, every one expected, would greet it most joyfully. He came early on deck after an unusually sleepless night. He saw the mountains lifting their serene heads far above the morning mists. He started convulsively.

"Captain," said he, "is that Jamaica?"

"No," said the captain; "that is St. Domingo."

After a moment's pause, he asked again: "Captain, will you land me here?"

"Land you here! ha, ha, ha!" said the seaman. "Look at this beautiful breeze, sir; see how we skim by the shore"—

"Will you do it?" said Harper, with energy.

"I cannot, sir," said the captain, decidedly, but respectfully. "But what, my dear sir, is the reason of this strange alteration of your plans?"

"No matter," muttered Harper, as he turned away; "only remember that you have denied the request of a dying man."

When he was gone, the captain turned to his first officer, in amazement; and shrugged his shoulders, and tapped his forehead, with look and action that all but spoke, "The poor gentleman 's crazy."

Vainly had Duncan's affectionate partner attempted to ascertain the nature of his malady. Her approaches to the consuming secret of his soul, were repulsed, with a most unusual and moody silence. The only chance of guessing at its nature, was in the silent watches of the night, when, by the lamp's pale light, she watched the workings of his agitated countenance, and bent her tearful face close to his, to catch the broken complaints of his troubled spirit. But all was disconnected and unintelligible. "Down—down—down!" he would cry; and then grasp her, and sometimes the beams of the deck overhead with an energy that was absolutely frightful.

They made Jamaica. He gazed upon its grand features a moment in the greatest agitation. By a powerful effort, he at length composed himself; and retired to the cabin with an air of calm resolution. His wife followed him in a few minutes, and found him seated at his writing desk.

"What are you writing, dearest?" she inquired.

"My Will," said he without looking up.

"Your Will? Duncan, Duncan! what can you mean?"

"Only that I am going to Jamaica once too much," said he. "My old nurse prophecied that I would be buried there."

"Stuff!" said she. "Can such idle nonsense trouble you?"

"My own conscience ratifies the prophecy," said he, "and I have come all the way, with the feelings of a criminal going to the place of execution."

"But why come to this fatal country?" cried she; in her turn, manifesting the wildest alarm. "Why not think of this, when at home in England?"

"I had something else to think of then;" said he, looking up reproachfully, and yet tenderly, in her face.

She burst into tears. "It is for me, then," she exclaimed, "that you have had these horrid dreams of being swallowed up in the earth"—

"Not so, dearest," said he; "I alone am guilty; I vowed a vow as rash as Jepthath's, and far more impious."

Then, with the deepest horror depicted on his countenance, he related to her the manner in which he had last left Jamaica.

"I had forgotten my impious wish;" said he, in conclusion; it had not crossed my mind for years; for no contingency, that I knew of, would ever draw me hither again. I thought not of it, till at the end of our first week at sea, when you began to amend. Since that—Heavens! what have I not suffered! Pride has enabled me to conceal much; the thought of you has prevented me from jumping into the sea, thus anticipating my fate, and falsifying the voice that now cries "wo! wo!" within me, with a distinctness as terrible as it is indescribable. But no; no man may thus shun his destiny. I fear not to die—but the circumstances! the horrid curse that stands blazing constantly before me!"

He shuddered convulsively, and covered his face with his hands. Mrs Harper had thoroughly caught the infection.

"You shall not land, dearest, you shall not," she cried, wildly.

"My dearest Mary," said he, with a faint smile, "I firmly believe that if I were guilty of such weakness, the sea itself would cast our ship on shore, that the earth might have its victim. No," said he, calmly, "I shall be ready at the appointed hour."

And he finished his Will just as the ship cast anchor close to the Swan frigate, in the beautiful bay of Port Royal.

In 1692—the date which our history has now reached—Port Royal was the most renowned mart of the West Indies. Her merchants were princes; their houses, palaces of luxury. It was also a desperately wicked place; literally a "Sea Sodom." From the fisherman to the owner of five hundred slaves, they drank deep and played high; from the preposterous gambling of the negroes, for segars, on the quay, where flies decided the game; to the halls and boards of the wealthy, where thousands were lost and won, by a stroke of the mace, or the turn of a card. Sunday was consecrated to refinements in vice, and to wickedness extraordinary.

So horrible were its enormities both in kind and degree, that many a bold seaman who had been weather-beaten and *case-hardened* in all the sad variety of sin with which the four quarters of the globe abound, has retired from its *hells* to his ship, aghast and conscience-stricken. There was one house where the sediment of all this wickedness had settled.—"The Red Man's Tavern," kept by one Dick Williams, was allowed to be a bad house, even for Port Royal. There was not a crime for which a man has ever been imprisoned, drawn, quartered or hung, that had not, at some period or another, been committed within its walls. The sailor always rolled rapidly onward, and looked frequently behind him, as, after a late debauch, he traversed the half mile that lay between its door and the beach; nor was it until he heard the dash of his oars, that the unholy spell which his late engagements had cast over him, was broken. And not always then.

The very night after the Astrea anchored, three of the crew returned a little after midnight from the shore, almost frightened out of their senses. One of them swore, in the captain's presence, that he had heard dice and billiard balls rattling under water, all the way from the shore; another, that he had heard peals of wild laughter ringing through the depths of the sea; and that a voice which he believed to be the devil's, had hailed him to take a hand at cards; and the third declared that he had heard murder cried three times, close under the boat's keel.

"A jolly company," said the captain, drily; "you will stand a chance to join them, unless you keep away from the Red Man's."

The next day, the boat was lowered for the gentlemen passengers to go on shore, to obtain lodgings. Mrs Harper, filled with the dread of an indefinite something, clung to her husband. "Do not go, Duncan; do not, dearest, if you love me."

"My dear," said he, "would you have me appear a coward and a fool in the eyes of these men?" She rallied herself.

"I know it is weakness," said she; "go then; go with safety." He landed. The ground did not open and swallow him. He advanced several rods. Still the earth showed no sign of hostility. He proceeded with confidence. Leaving those with whom he had landed, and emerging from the business part of the town, which lay upon a long and low point of land, he came into an open space near which there were comparatively few houses. This was one of the public market places; and on the south side of it stood the notorious house of the 'Red Man.' The land here was the highest in town; being forty or fifty feet above the harbor, from which it was half a mile distant in the nearest direction. The 'Red Man's' house therefore was literally a *high place* of wickedness. It was a large, and not an ill looking mansion—after the order of whited sepulchres. It had a piazza in front, and on either side of the door, sat a male and female fiend. There was no mistaking their characters. It was branded on their faces like the thunder scars on the brow of Satan. Duncan paused involuntarily. The pair knew him not, but he gazed upon them as if fascinated. Could it be? How his soul shuddered as it drank in the dreadful truth! Yes—that was the man to whom the letter of George Harper was written, falsely announcing his death! that; the woman who swore in a court of justice that he was not her son! his stepfather! his mother! conspirators—robbers! what else were they? Groaning from his inmost soul, he dashed his hand across his brow, and turned from the blasting spectacle, towards the more retired parts of the town—the abodes of elegant luxury and repose. Here, in a couple of hours, he obtained suitable accommodations for himself and wife, and wishing to avoid the painful sight which he had met on his way up, he assayed to return by a different path. But it seemed that all the upper streets radiated from one accursed spot; for, in a few minutes, he found himself directly in front of the 'Red Man's' house, and within five rods of the door. The *evil genii* still sat at the receipt of custom, on one side the door; whilst other and younger faces gleamed occasionally from the windows, and the rooms already resounded with the obstreperous merriment of the evening orgies. For his life, he could not help pausing to gaze once more upon that guilty pair. They started up, confusedly. Merciful Heaven! did they know him? His attention was irresistibly diverted towards the sea. A low, hollow, increasing roar was heard in that direction; attended, a moment after, with the despairing shriek of multitudes. From the spot where he stood, not a square foot of the harbor could, ordinarily, be seen; although the tops of masts, here and there, appeared over the low houses. But now, he beheld an enormous hemisphere of water lift itself in the middle of the bay; and, with the Astrea and the Swan frigate on its very crest, rush roaring upon the town. Subterranean thunders bellowed and reverberated; and all the horrors of the 'Earthquake at Port Royal,' were before him. The voice of his curse rang in his ears with stunning loudness, announcing the moment of its power; he looked despairingly to heaven; its sentence gleamed and quivered there in lines of fire. He fell upon his knees. The earth opened before him; and he reeled, with clasped hands, on the brink of a chasm large enough for a city's grave. He began to totter forward. It shut. A reprieve? In an instant, it opened again, like the very mouth of Tartarus, belching forth sulphureous fumes and flames, directly under the 'Red Man's' house. He saw it sink, with its guilty, shrieking, howling inmates, into the abyss. He heard the crash and the grinding, as the earth closed her adamantine jaws. He saw no more; he heard no more! Horror and the noisome vapors, bereft him of sensation, and he fainted. When he came to himself, there were still heavings and tremblings and a mighty earthquake; and, ever and anon, there came upon his ear the distant noise of falling mountains, and the near rush of waters, as the earth opened her mouth and spouted them towards heaven; yet, he arose with confidence. He felt, in his heart, that the curse was fulfilled; for surely the bitterness of death was past. He looked around him. Two thousand people had ceased to exist. One-fifth of Port Royal lay in ruins behind and around him; three-fourths of it lay "full fathom five," under the remorseless waves. Over them were tossed and jostled to and fro, an hundred ships, without helmsmen or moorings; for the deep still boiled like a cauldron, and the sailors were crying each to his God for succor. The sea, which ten minutes before had been half a mile distant, was now at his feet. There too lay a boat with oars. He sprang wildly into it, and used his arms with supernatural strength, until he came among the driving ships. The Swan frigate and many other ships were lost; but there was the Astrea. He leaped on board, and fell into the arms of his wife. The paralysis of terror was over. "Let us depart hence!" was the universal cry; and the Astrea, and every other ship that could, spread her white wings and fled amain from the devoted city.

Five years after the catastrophe of Port Royal, there was a famous preacher in Bristol by the name of Duncan Harper. "Sacred to God, henceforth, and to him only," he had said, on landing from the Astrea; "be this my miraculous existence." "Amen!" had his faithful wife responded; and when our history lost sight of them, in a green old age, he was a candidate for the vacant Episcopal chair of Bath and Wells.

DISCIPLINE OF CHILDHOOD.—The temper and disposition of a child, the habit of obedience, and the joint principles of religion, should be formed during the first five or six years of its life, when it is chiefly under the care of its mother;—women, if they are what they ought to be, seem particularly suited to this task, from the gentleness and tenderness of their dispositions, and the happy art which they possess of gaining affection and softening authority, by kindness. But they are apt to fall into errors, from which I would wish to guard them. They do not always consider the absolute necessity of teaching a child obedience from the first—even before he can speak. From infancy he should be taught that nothing is to be gained by passion or crying. This is attended with a very little difficulty, if it be done early; and custom will soon make it easy to the child; but we often see mothers, who never attempt to govern their children, till their little passions have gained so much strength that they know not how to conquer them, except by methods which would never have been necessary, if they had been taught obedience from the beginning. Rough words and blows are almost always proofs that the parent does not know how to govern. The child should be governed like a reasonable creature, and not as a brute beast that has no understanding.

Editor's Correspondence.

[The following stanzas, which were handed us in manuscript a few days since, were found among the unpublished papers of the deceased author, and were probably written but a short time before his death. They are certainly worthy of preservation, as the work of a man of genius, whose merit while living was never fairly appreciated, and whose memory deserves that some exertion should be made to rescue it from oblivion. Much of his poetry is truly beautiful; and ought to be collected, and placed in a form which will ensure its preservation; instead of being allowed to remain in the columns of forgotten newspapers, and scattered among the temporary publications in which it first appeared.]

To J———.

BY JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

Thou hast been with me, my dearest,
In the light and in the shade;
In sickness thou wast nearest,
When all other joys did fade.
Thou wast with me in my sorrow,
Soothing by thy gentle love;
Pointing always to the morrow,
Like hope's angel from above.

Thou hast clung to me, when others
In the darkness lost their way;
When the world's unfaithful brothers
Proved how false and frail is clay;
Thou wast with me, though bereaving
Fortune froze to ice my spring,
Closer to my miseries cleaving
With love's warm and downy wing.

Thou hast sent all lingering troubles,
With a quickened impulse, by;
And with fancy's brilliant bubbles
Pleased my dull and listless eye.
And when tears have risen to blindness
In mine eyes from memory's smart,
Thou hast soothed me with thy kindness,
Bringing quiet to my heart.

Thou hast clung to me, and pining
Nature could not win thee hence;
O'er all my woes reclining,
With no hope of recompense.
And the more the world forsook me,
Stronger thy affection grew—
Rich, when death's pale terrors shook me,
As to withered flowers the dew.

Thou hast clung in fond devotion,
When the slowly setting sun
O'er the bosom of the ocean,
Cast its gold the world upon;
And the rapid blushes, spreading
O'er my cheek, have claimed the bliss
Sweeter than an angel's shedding,
Of thy pure and fervent kiss.

Then, when Spring's first flowers were blowing,
As the balmy breeze went forth,
And all lovely things were growing
From the green and joyous earth;
Thou hast roamed the hills at morning,
Gathering all of fairest bloom,
And returned with smiles, adorning
Like a garden my lone room.

Thou hast done all this—and only
Thou had'st borne with me so long:
Others might have left me lonely,
But thy faith was pure and strong.
And since thou, through sorrows driven,
Hast been faithful unto me;
I should fail of rest in Heaven,
Should I fail in truth to thee.

For the Literary Journal.

THE DESERTED.

"I'll visit thee in dreams."

Go, go, thou false one! I would not bind
Thy devious heart by the vow thou'st made me—
Be free! be free, as the changing wind,
And forget if thou canst, how thou hast betrayed me:
Forget the present—forget the past—
Forget each trifling but treasured token—
Forget all thought that thy love could last
When the *golden* link in its chain was broken:
Forget e'en me—but deem thou not
That I have thine early vow forgot.

That vow was made by the heaving deep,
And its echo sleeps on the eternal billow—
Again 'twas spoke, where my parents sleep
'Neath the mossy stone and the solemn willow;
And I fondly dreamed that my mother smiled
In the moon's pale beam, my warm cheek caressing,
And my father blessed his orphan child
With a holy and sainted spirit's blessing;
And I was happy, to deem that they
Still watched o'er their loved one's destiny.

Again, 'neath the arching and open sky,
That solemn plight of thy faith was given;
The stars were invoked, and you swore thereby,
To keep it, while they should beam in heaven;
But thou hast betrayed me—yet think not I
Have no lover left, for a lover is wooing
Me even now, with as fond a sigh
As thou that hast wrought my life's undoing:
That lover, though pale and cold, is true;
And I give him the hand that was slighted by you.

He hath a more delicate fancy than thou—
Thou praisest the rose on my cheek, he the lily—
Thou did'st make of bright flowers a wreath for my brow,
He says that nothing becomes it so illy;
And I've decked me in cypress to be his bride,
So farewell thou, who wert once my lover—
I'll be before thee in nuptial pride,
And be as well pleased when the rites are over—
But, if thy vouchers the stars are bright,
I'll visit thee on thy bridal night.

I'll come to thy couch at the midnight hour,
When thou in thy bride's embrace art sleeping;
I'll weigh on thy breast with a mountain's power,
And thy dreams shall be of my present weeping—
Thou shalt not rest through the livelong night; [ing;
And, by day, thou shalt dread the night's dark dream-
Till thy step shall falter, that now is so light,
And thine eye be shorn of its present beaming;
And thou long for the calmer, happier fate
Of the heart thou hast made so desolate.

Translated from the French, for the Literary Journal, in Mons. Bugard's French School.

THE MENDICANT.

It is not long since, that an old beggar was seen at the principal entrance of one of the churches in Paris, daily taking his station upon the threshold of the holy sanctuary. His manners, voice, and language, betrayed an education far superior to that which ordinarily accompanies poverty. Beneath his tattered garments, which he wore with a certain air of dignity, there could be discerned indications that he had once known better days. Among the poor of the parish in that number of outcast beings, distinct from the congregation, which every church shelters under its wings, this mendicant enjoyed no inconsiderable degree of authority. His name was Jacques. His honesty, and his impartiality in the division of alms—the only kindness these beings can show each other—with his zeal in appeasing quarrels, had acquired for him a well deserved importance. Nevertheless, his life and misfortunes were a mystery to his most intimate companions, as well as to the people residing in the neighborhood. Every morning for twenty-five years, he had regularly come and seated himself in the same place; and it was so much a thing of course to see him there, that he was considered almost as much a part of the ornaments of the gateway, as the stone statues which occupied the gothic niches above. No one of the companions of the mendicant, could relate the least event of his life. One thing only was known; Jacques never placed his foot within the church, and yet he was a catholic. During the religious ceremonies, when the holy temple resounded with the songs of the pious—when the incense rising from the altar, mounted with the vows of the faithful, to heaven—when the deep and melodious tones of the organ mingled with the solemn voices of the worshippers, the mendicant felt himself constrained to unite his prayers with those of the congregation; and with an eager and gratified expression, he contemplated from without, the throng which were assembled in the house of God.

The vivid reflection of the light through the large gothic windows—the shadows of the pillars which had stood for centuries, an emblem of the eternity of religion—the deep awe awakened by the sombre and religious aspect of the church—all appeared to affect the mendicant with an involuntary and uncontrollable emotion. Tears were perceived to steal silently down his wrinkled cheeks: the remembrance of some great misfortune, or some deep feeling of remorse, seemed to agitate his soul. In an earlier age of the Church, he would have been taken for one of those criminals, who, guilty of some horrid deed, were condemned to exile themselves from the assemblies of the faithful, and to move like silent shadows among the living.

An ecclesiastic was in the daily habit of going to this church to celebrate mass: he was descended from one of the most ancient families of France; and being the possessor of an immense fortune, he distributed large sums in charity.—The old mendicant had become to him the object of a kind of affection: and every morning, the Abbe Paulin d' Saint C***, accompanied with kind words the alms, which from their regularity were now considered by the old man as a daily income.

One day, Jacques did not appear at the accustomed hour; and the Abbe Paulin, desirous of bestowing on him his customary bounty, sought his lodgings; and found the old man stretched upon a low bed, sick and helpless.

The eyes of the ecclesiastic were struck with the mingled luxury and poverty which appeared in the furniture of the humble apartment. An elegant gold watch was suspended above the miserable pillow; two paintings, richly framed, and covered with crape, hung upon the whitewashed walls; a beautifully wrought crucifix of ivory was placed at the feet of the sick man, near an antique chair carved in the Gothic style; and among some books, which appeared to be much worn, lay a missal with silver clasps. The remainder of the furniture denoted extreme poverty.

The presence of his visitor reanimated the old man; and with a voice expressing gratitude, the latter said—

"Monsieur l' Abbe, do you indeed condescend to remember a wretch like me?"

"My friend," replied M. Paulin, "a priest ought to forget only those who are happy: I have come to see if you need any assistance."

"I have no longer need of any thing;" answered the mendicant: "my end is approaching; my conscience alone is troubled now."

"Your conscience!—have you any great fault to expiate?"

"A crime—an enormous crime—a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation—a crime which cannot hope for pardon."

"A crime beyond forgiveness cannot exist. Divine mercy is greater than all the evil deeds of men."

"But a criminal guilty of the most horrid deed—what has he to hope for? Oh, there is no forgiveness for *me*."

"There is;" exclaimed the priest, seized with a lively enthusiasm: "to doubt it, would be blasphemy, far more horrid than the crime itself. Religion opens her arms to all those who repent. Jacques, if your repentance is sincere, implore Divine Goodness: it will never abandon you. Confess!"

The priest then uncovered himself, and having pronounced those sublime words, which he believed would open to the penitent the gates of Heaven, he listened to the confession.

"I was the son of a poor husbandman; but being honored with the affection of a noble family of high distinction, a small portion of whose land my father cultivated, I was received, in my early childhood, into the chateau of my master. Destined to become valet de chambre to the heir of the family, the instruction they gave me, the rapid progress I made in my studies, and the kindness of my master, changed my destination, and I was elevated to the place of his secretary. I had just attained my twenty-fifth year, when the Revolution commenced. My mind was easily seduced by reading the journals of that period. My ambition was dissatisfied with my precarious situation; I conceived the idea of abandoning the chateau, the asylum of my youth, for the camp.—Oh, that I had followed this first impulse! That ingratitude would have saved me from deeper crimes. The fury of the Revolutionists soon overran the Provinces. Fearing an arrest in their chateau, the family dismissed their domestics.—A small sum of money was hastily collected; and carrying away none of their moveables, except a few precious things as memorials of their family, they hastened to Paris, seeking an asylum among the multitude, and safety in the obscurity of their dwelling. As a member of their household, I followed them. Terror reigned in all its power; but still no one was aware of the retreat of my benefactors. Their names being inserted in the list of emigrants, confiscation had already devoured their estate; but this was lightly regarded by them; they were all united, tranquil, and unknown. Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they awaited a more auspicious period. Vain hope! The only person who had power to reveal the secret of their dwelling, and to tear them from that asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. That informer was—myself.

The father, the mother, four daughters—angelic alike in their beauty and innocence—and a young boy ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and given up to the horrors of captivity. They were tried: the most trifling pretexts were then sufficient to condemn the innocent to death.

Nevertheless, the public prosecutor could bring forward scarcely a pretext for a prosecution against this noble and excellent family. But a man was found, who had been admitted to the confidence of their domestic fireside—the confidant of the most intimate thoughts of the family: he represented as criminal the most simple circumstances of their life, and invented the frivolous charge of conspiracy. That slanderer, that false witness, was—myself.

The fatal decree was pronounced: a sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, the young boy being alone excepted. Unhappy orphan! destined to mourn the loss of all his family, and to curse their assassin, had he ever known him.

Resigned to their fate, and supported by their piety, this unfortunate family waited in prison their hour of death An error occurred in the order of executions. The day appointed for theirs had already passed; and if an individual had not interested himself to seize upon those innocent beings as a prey, they would have escaped the scaffold. It was on the evening of the 9th Thermidor, that a man, impatient to enrich himself with spoil, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, and caused the error to be rectified. His zeal was rewarded by a diploma of citizenship. An order for their execution was issued on the spot; and, that very evening, the frightful justice of those times pursued its course. That traitor, that fiend, was—myself.

At the close of day, by the light of torches, the fatal cart bore that noble family to execution. The father, seated in front, bowed down with deep grief, held in his arms his two youngest daughters: the mother, a firm and pious woman, pressed her two eldest daughters to her bosom: and all, mingling their thoughts, their tears, and their hopes, repeated the prayers for the dead.

Not once did the name of their assassin pass their lips.—As it was late, the executioner of the nobility, being weary of his labor, entrusted to his assistant, this last duty of the evening. Little accustomed to the horrid work, the assistant on his way, requested the aid of a spectator. The execrable wretch willingly lent his hand to that ignoble office. That wretch was—myself.

The price of so many crimes was the sum of three thousand francs in gold, and the treasured objects which you see around me: they are witnesses of my guilt.

After this crime, I wished to harden myself in debauchery. The gold, the fruit of my infamous conduct, was scarcely obtained, when remorse seized upon me. No project, no enterprise, no labor, was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity endowed me with a privileged place at the door of the church. Alms, and yours in particular, Monsieur Abbe, have enabled me to economize the sum plundered from my benefactors. The articles of luxury which you behold in my chamber—this watch, this crucifix, this book, and those veiled portraits, were plunder taken from my victims. Oh! my repentance has been long and deep, but it has been useless. Monsieur l' Abbe, think you I can hope for pardon from God?"

"My son," answered the Abbe, "your crime is indeed dreadful. The circumstances were most aggravated.—An orphan deprived of his parents by the Revolution, can well comprehend how deeply your victims drank the cup of grief. A whole life passed in tears, is not sufficient to expiate such a deed. Nevertheless the treasures of Divine Mercy are illimitable. Confiding in your repentance; full of confidence in the inexhaustible goodness of God—I think I can assure your pardon."

The priest then arose; and the mendicant, as if animated with new life, left his bed, and placed himself on his knees. M. l' Abbe Paulin de Saint C*** was about to pronounce the words of absolution, when the penitent interrupted him.

"Father, wait. Before receiving my pardon, let me divest myself of the fruits of my crime. Take these objects; sell them, and distribute the proceeds among the poor." In his agitation, the mendicant tore the crape which covered the portraits.

"Behold," said he, "behold the noble features of my benefactors!"

At this sight, the Abbe Paulin de Saint C*** exclaimed—"My father! my mother!" Immediately the recollection of the horrid deed, the presence of the assassin, the sight of these objects, overpowered his soul; and yielding to a temporary weakness, he sank into a chair, and resting his head upon his hands, burst into tears. A deep wound had been torn open in his heart, and made to bleed afresh.

The mendicant astonished, not daring to fix his eyes upon the son of his master—upon the terrible and irritated judge—who might well have been the messenger of wrath, instead of the instrument of mercy—rolled at his feet, bathed them in tears, and repeated in a despairing tone "My master! my master!"

Without regarding the guilty man, the Abbe strove to repress his own grief.

The mendicant exclaimed, "Yes, I am an assassin—a monster—a wretch! Monsieur l' Abbe, dispose of my life! What shall I do to avenge you?"

"To avenge *me*?" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words; "to avenge *me*, unhappy man?"

"Was I not right when I said my crime was unpardonable? I knew full well, that religion itself would shun me.—Repentance is nothing for a crime like mine. There is no pardon for *me*!"

These last words, uttered with a terrible accent, recalled the soul of the ecclesiastic to his mission and his duties.—The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred office, immediately ceased. Human weakness had, for a moment, required the tears of a mourning son; but Religion strengthened the spirit of her minister. He seized the crucifix, the paternal heir-loom, which had thus fallen into the hands of this miserable man; and presenting it to the mendicant, said in a firm and elevated voice—

"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Your crime is the object of your contrite and deep abhorrence?"

"Yes."

"The Lord who was crucified upon this cross, grant you your pardon—sanctify your confession."

Then, with one hand resting on the mendicant—holding in the other, the sign of our redemption, he implored divine mercy to descend upon the assassin of all his family!

With his face upon the ground, the mendicant lay motionless, at the feet of the ecclesiastic. The latter held forth his hand to raise him up;—he was dead!

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THE ANCIENT RUINS IN GUATEMALA.

Within a few years, references have occasionally been made in the public journals, to the extensive ruins which have been discovered in several parts of South America.—The partial descriptions of these which were at first given to the world, were generally received with incredulity, being considered as mere exagerated statements which had but little foundation in truth; and many were disposed to question and even to deny the existence of the objects to which these descriptions referred. More recent accounts however have not only in a great degree removed these opinions, but have awakened the attention of learned societies and individuals both in America and Europe; and have called forth expressions of strong desire that the subject may be fully investigated. Still, but comparatively very few of our countrymen have as yet appeared to view it with a sufficient degree of interest, to seek for any definite information respecting it.

The subject is certainly a very curious, and in a historical point of view, a very important one; and we have thought that some notice of a few of these relics of former civilization, drawn from those sources which have been generally received as the most authentic, may not be unacceptable to our readers. If the descriptions which are furnished by these authorities, are correct—and we see no reason to doubt them—indeed, if a few only of the principal facts are true, they incontestibly prove the former existence in South America, of a race of men very far in advance of the Mexicans or any other nation on this continent at the time of its generally supposed original discovery by Columbus; and go very far to establish the truth of the assertion, that an intercourse had existed between the old and the new world, long before that period.

Among these vestiges of ancient art, the most remarkable, or rather those respecting which we have the most definite information, are in Guatemala; and of these, the ruins of a city near the modern town or village of Palenque, are the first which were described with any degree of precision. Previous to the year 1786, these were partially explored, and were ascertained to consist of the remains of a number of large buildings of stone, called by the natives, 'Casas de Piedras'—Stone Houses—together with traces of other ruins, more or less distinct, in many places covered by thick forest trees, the growth of centuries, but extending in one direction to the distance of about thirty miles; evidently the wreck of a once vast and populous city. The first written description of these ruins was made in 1786, by Antonio del Rio, a captain of artillery, who had been commissioned by the King of Spain to take the necessary measures for another and more minute examination. The result of this order, the execution of which was superintended by Del Rio, was a Report made by him to the Governor of Guatemala, Don Jose Estacheria. This, however, instead of being published, was probably for some reasons of State policy, kept concealed in the archives in which it was deposited; until the time of the Mexican Revolution, when it was discovered and made public. An English translation of this curious document was printed in London, in 1822, in a small quarto volume, together with a very interesting and ingenious essay, entitled "A critical Investigation and Research into the History of the Americans; by Doctor Paul Felix Cabrera, of the city of New Guatemala," in which the learned author endeavors to show the probable time and manner in which America was peopled, and to prove the existence of a communication between between its ancient inhabitants and those of the Eastern continent.

Del Rio's Report is brief, and in several respects very defective: and owing either to the obscurity of his own style, or to the unskilfulness of the translator, many passages are perfectly unintelligible. It contains a number of curious engravings, exhibiting portions of the buildings, and of the sculptured figures and ornaments which they contain: but several of the drawings to which he refers in the course of his descriptions, are wanting in the volume. Yet imperfect as it is, this document produced much learned discussion and ingenious speculation among the European antiquaries, and caused a wish for more exact information respecting the Palencian remains, for the best and most complete description of which, a prize of eight hundred dollars has since been offered by the Geographical Society of Paris.

Del Rio states, that he commenced his task of exploring the ruins, by collecting a party of about eighty Indians, who having been supplied with axes &c., were conducted to the spot occupied by the principal buildings, which was covered by copse-wood and trees of large dimensions. The necessary labor in felling these occupied the party for about two weeks. When this was completed, the fallen trees were burnt, and the process of excavation was commenced.

These exertions were well rewarded by the discoveries to which they led; several of which are minutely detailed in the Report, from which we will give a few passages respecting some of the principal structures.

He thus describes the location and general appearance of the ruins:—

"From Palenque, the last town Northward in the province of Cuidad Real de Chiapa, taking a South-westerly direction and ascending a ridge of high land that divides the kingdom of Guatemala from Yucatan or Campeachy, at the distance of two leagues, is the little river Micol, whose waters flowing in a Westerly direction, unite with the great river Tubija, which bends its course towards the province of Tobasco.—Having passed the Micol, the ascent begins; and at half a league from thence, the traveller crosses a little stream called Otolum, discharging its waters into the before-mentioned current. From this point, heaps of ruins are discovered, which render the road very difficult for another half league, when you gain the height whereon the Stone Houses are situated—being fourteen in number, some more dilapidated than others, but still having many of their apartments perfectly discernible.

A rectangular area, three hundred yards in breadth by four hundred and fifty in length, presents a plain at the base of the highest mountain forming the ridge; and in the centre is situated the largest of those structures which has been as yet discovered. It stands on a mound twenty yards high, and is surrounded by the other edifices; namely—five to the Northward, four to the Southward, one to the South-west, and three to the Eastward. In all directions, the fragments of other fallen buildings are to be seen, extending along the mountain that stretches East and West about three or four leagues either way; so that the whole range of this ruined town may be computed to extend between seven and eight leagues; but its breadth is by no means equal to its length; being little more than half a league wide at the point where the ruins terminate, which is towards the river Micol, which winds round the base of the mountain. It might be inferred that this people had some analogy to, and intercourse with, the Romans, from a similarity in the choice of situation, as well as a subterranean stone aqueduct of great solidity and durability, which passes under the largest building."

"The interior of the large building is in a style of architecture strongly resembling the Gothic, and from its rude and massive construction promises great durability. The entrance is on the Eastern side, by a portico or corridor thirty-six *varas* or yards in length, and three in breadth; supported by plain rectangular pillars without either bases or pedestals; upon which there are square, smooth stones, of more than a foot in thickness, forming an architrave; while on the exterior superfices are as pecies of stucco shields;—over these stones, there is another plain rectangular block, five feet long and two broad, extending over two of the pillars. Medallions or compartments of stucco, containing different devices in the same material, appear as decorations to the chambers: and it is presumable, from the vestiges of the heads which can still be traced, that they were the busts of a series of kings or lords, to whom the natives were subject. Between the medallions are a series of windows like niches, passing from one end of the wall to the other; some of them square, some in the form of a Greek cross, and others which complete the cross, are square, being about two feet high and eight inches deep. Beyond this corridor, there is a square court, entered by a flight of seven steps; the North side is entirely in ruins, but sufficient traces remain to show that it once had a chamber and corridor similar to those on the Eastern side, and which continued entirely along the several angles. The South side has four small chambers, with no other ornament than one or two little windows, like those already described. The Western side is correspondent to its opposite, in all respects, but in the variety of expression of the figures in stucco; these are much more rude and ridiculous than the others; and can only be attributed to the most uncultivated Indian capacity. The device is a sort of grotesque mask with a crown and long beard like that of a goat. Under this are two Greek crosses, the one delineated in the other.

We know that the Romans portrayed Jupiter crowned with with laurel, the visage presenting mature age, having a long beard and a terrible aspect: and a similar cast of countenance in these representations, leads one to reflect on a sameness of manners and religion; as the particular traits in the two heads are alike, with the exception of the advantages conveyed to a bust by Roman sculpture, the principles of which this people could have obtained but imperfectly; although they might have imbibed some ideas from their conquerors, or from other intermediate nations; the common result of conquest, in all ages."

"Proceeding in the same direction, there is another court similar in length to the last, but not so broad; having a passage round it that communicated with the opposite side. In this passage, there are two chambers like those above mentioned, and an interior gallery looking on one side into the court yard, and commanding on the other a view of the open country. In this part of the edifice, some pillars yet remain, on which are relievos which apparently represent a mournful subject; alluding, no doubt, to the sacrafice of some wretched Indian, the destined victim of a sanguinary religion."

"Returning by the South side, a tower presents itself to notice. Its height is sixteen yards; and to the four existing stories of the building was perhaps added a fifth, with a cupola, which in all probability it once possessed. Although these piles [stories] diminish in size and are without ornament, yet the design of them is singular and very ingenious. This tower has a well imitated artificial entrance, as was clearly proved by making a horizontal excavation of more than three yards, which I wished to carry quite through the edifice, but was forced to desist from the operation; as the stones and earth slipped down in large quantities from the pressure of a solid body that passes through its centre. This upon inspection proved to be an interior tower, quite plain, with windows fronting the former, and giving light to the steps by which you are enabled to ascend to its summit.—Behind the four chambers already mentioned, there are two others of large dimensions, very well ornamented in the rude Indian style, and which appear to have been used as oratories. Among the embellishments are some enamelled stuccoes; the Grecian heads represent sacred objects to which they addressed their devotions and made their offerings, probably consisting of strings of jewels, as the attitudes of the statues placed on the sides denote. Beyond these oratories, and extending from North to South, there are two apartments, each twenty-seven yards long, by little more than three broad."

"At the extremity of the last mentioned apartment, and on a level with the pavement, there is an aperture like a hatchway, two yards long and more than one broad, leading to a subterranean passage by a flight of steps; which at a regular distance, forms flats or landings, each having its respective door-way."

At the end of this subterranean passage, the party found a door communicating with a chamber sixty-four yards long; beyond which, is another, similar to it in every respect. These contained no other objects than some plain stones two yards and a half long, by one yard and a quarter broad, arranged horizontally upon square stands of masonry, and about half a yard above the floor. These were supposed to be receptacles for couches, and the chambers to be sleeping apartments; "a belief in which," says Del Rio, "I am still more confirmed from the circumstance of the large stones being partitioned off in the form of alcoves." Here all the passages terminated; and it was resolved to proceed to another building, which is thus described:—

"This edifice, forming a paralellogram, resembled the first

in the style of its architecture. It has square pillars, an exterior gallery, and a saloon twenty yards long by three and a half broad, embellished with a frontispiece on which are described female figures with children in their arms, all of the natural size, executed in stucco medio reliefs."

In the inner wall of the gallery, and on each side of the door leading into the saloon, there are three stones, measuring three yards in height, and being upward of one broad, all of them covered with hieroglyphics in bas-reliefs; the whole of this gallery and saloon being paved. Leaving this structure, and passing by the ruins of many others, or perhaps what is more probable, of many buildings accessory to this principal edifice, the declivity conducts to a little valley or open space, whereby the approach to another house in this direction is rendered practicable; you arrive at the entrance by an ascent, where it is found to have a gallery and a saloon similar to that last described."

"Eastward of this structure, are three small eminences, forming a triangle, upon each of which is a square building, eighteen yards long by eleven broad, of the same architecture as the former; but having, along their roofings, several superstructures about three yards high, resembling turrets, covered with different ornaments and devices in stucco. In the interior of the first of these three mansions, at the end of a gallery almost entirely dilapidated, is a saloon having a small chamber at each extremity; while in the centre of the saloon, stands an oratory rather more than three yards square, presenting on each side of the entrance a perpendicular stone, whereon is portrayed the image of a man, in bas-relief. The outward decoration is confined to a sort of moulding, finished with small stucco bricks, on which are bas-reliefs.—The pavement of the oratory is quite smooth, and eight inches thick, which it was necessary to perforate, in order to make an excavation. Having proceeded in this labor, at about half a yard deep, I found a small, round earthern vessel about one foot in diameter, fitted horizontally with a mixture of lime, to another of the same quality and dimensions.—These were removed, and the digging being continued, a quarter of a yard beneath we discovered a circular stone of rather larger diameter than the first articles; and on removing this from its position, a cylindrical cavity presented itself, about a foot wide and the third of a foot deep, containa flint lance, two small conical pyramids, with the figure of a heart, in dark, crystallized stone, which is very common in this kingdom, and known by the name of 'challa:' there were also two small earthern jars or ewers, with covers, containing small stones and a ball of vermillion."

"The two other edifices are of similar architecture, and divided internally in the same manner as the one above described; varying only in the allegorical subjects of the basreliefs on the stones."

"I omit all description of the buildings situated to the Northward; as they are now nearly destroyed, and afford neither reliefs nor other ornaments."

Included in this Report of Del Rio, is a description of some ruins in Yucatan; which was communicated to him by Father Thomas de Soza, a Franciscan friar of the convent of Merida, whom he met at Palenque. The substance of this description he gives in the words of his informant.

"At the distance of twenty leagues from the city of Merida, Southward, between the curacy called Mona y Ticul and the town of Nocacob, are the remains of some stone edifices. One very large building has withstood the ravages of time, and still exists in good preservation: the natives give it the name of *Ozmutal*. It stands on an eminence of twenty yards in height, and measures two hundred yards on each facade. The apartments, the exterior corridor, the pillars with figures in medio-relievo, and decorated with serpents, lizards, &c. formed in stucco, beside which are men with palms in their hands, beating drums and dancing,—resembling in every respect those observable in the buildings at Palenque. Eight leagues distant from the same city, to the Northward, are the ruined walls of several other houses, which increase in number as you advance in an Easterly direction. In the vicinity of the river Lagartos, at a town called Mani, which is under the actual jurisdiction of the Franciscan friars, in the middle of the principal square, stands a pillory of a conical shape, built of stones; and to the Southward, rises a very ancient palace, resembling that of Palenque,—which according to tradition, was inhabited upon the arrival of the Spanish conquerors, by a petty Indian sovereign called Htulrio; who resigned it to the Franciscans for a residence while their new convent was building, after which it was used for several years as a public hospital. The erection of this palace was long anterior to the time of Htulrio, who replied to the inquiries of the fathers relative to the period of its construction, that he was totally ignorant of its origin, and only knew that it had been inhabited by his ancestors. From hence we may draw some inference respecting the very remote antiquity of the Palencian edifices, buried for so many ages in the impenatrable thickets covering a mountain, and unknown to the historians of the new world, by whom no mention whatever is made of their existence."

Such are the principal facts relating to these architectural remains, which are furnished by the Report of Del Rio; the publication of which was almost immediately succeeded by that of another volume containing descriptions of other equally interesting ruins in Guatemala. This is the historical work of Don Domingo Juarros, of New Guatemala; a translation of which appeared in London in 1823. In those portions of his work which relate to the antiquities of the country, this author has adopted several of the descriptions which were furnished by Francisco de Fuentes, in his Chronicles of the Kingdom of Guatemala, which were written about the end of the seventeenth century.

One of the most remarkable erections mentioned by Juarros, stood among the ruins of the ancient city of Patinamit, which was a residence of the kings of Kachiquel. This is situated about eleven leagues from the modern village of Tecpanguatemala, by which name it was also formerly known.

"Patinamit," he says, "was situated on an eminence, and surrounded by a deep defile or natural fosse: from the level of the city to the bottom of the ditch, was a perpendicular depth of more than one hundred fathoms. This trench admitted but one entrance into the place, which was by a narrow causeway, terminated by two gates constructed of the chay stone, one on the exterior and the other on the interior wall of the city. The plane of this eminence extends about three miles in length, from North to South, and about two in breadth from East to West; the soil is covered with a stiff clay about three quarters of a yard deep. On one side of the plane, may be seen the remains of a magnificent building, perfectly sqare, each side measuring about one hundred paces. This fabric was constructed of *hewn stone*, extremely well put together. In front of the building there is a large square, on one side of which stand the ruins of a sumptuous palace; and near to it, there are the foundations of several houses. A trench, three yards deep, runs from North to South, through the city, having a breastwork of masonry rising about a yard high. On the Eastern side of this trench, stood the houses of the nobles; and on the opposite side, the residences of the maseguales or commoners. The streets were, as may still be seen, straight and spacious, crossing each other at right angles. To the Westward of the city, there is a little mount that commands it. On this eminence stands a small round building about six feet in height, in the middle of which there is a pedestal formed of a shining substance, resembling glass; but the precise quality of it has not been ascertained."

Juarros also describes, on the authority of Fuentes, some remarkable buildings which stood in the ancient city of *Utatlan*. This was the capital of the native kings of Quiche, and covered the extensive plain on which now stands the village of Santa Cruz del Quiche.

"The centre of the city was occupied by the royal palace. The streets were very narrow, but the place was so populous as to enable the king to draw from it alone, no less than seventy-two thousand combatants, to oppose the progress of the Spaniards. It contained many very sumptuous edifices: the most superb of them was a seminary where between five and six thousand children were educated; they were all maintained and provided for, at the charge of the royal treasury. The castle of the Atalaya was a remarkable structure, which being raised four stories high, was capable of furnishing quarters to a very strong garrison. The castle of Resguardo was not inferior to the other. It extended one hundred and eighty-eight paces in front, two hundred and thirty in depth, and was five stories high. The grand Alcazar, or palace of the kings of Quiche, surpassed every other edifice; and in the opinion of Torquemada, it would compete with that of Montezuma in Mexico, or that of the Incas at Cuzco. The front of this building extended from East to West, three hundred and seventy-six geometrical paces, and in depth seven hundred and twenty-eight. It was constructed of hewn stone, of different colors: its form was elegant, and altogether most magnificent."

But the most striking account contained in the work of Juarros, is that of the Great Circus which stood in the Indian city of Copan. This, according to Fuentes, in his time—in 1700—was still entire.

"This was a circular space surrounded by stone pyramids about six yards high, and very well constructed. At the bases of these pyramids, were figures both male and female, of very excellent sculpture, which then retained the colours they had been enamelled with; and what was not less remarkable, the whole of them were habited in the Castilian costume. In the middle of this area, elevated above a flight of steps, was the place of sacrifice. The same author relates, that at a short distance from the Circus, was a portal constructed of stone, on the columns of which were the figures of men, likewise represented in Spanish habits, with hose, ruffs round the neck, sword, cap, and short cloak. On entering the gateway, there are two fine stone pyramids, moderately large and lofty, from which is suspended a hammock that contains two human figures, one of each sex, clothed in the Indian style. Astonishment is forcibly excited on viewing this structure; because, large as it is, there is no appearance of the component parts being joined together; and although entirely of stone, and of such enormous weight, it may be put in motion by the hand. Not far from this hammock is the Cave of Tibulca. This appears like a temple of great size hollowed out of the base of a hill, and adorned with columns having bases, pedestals, capitals, and crowns, all accurately adjusted according to architectural principles: at the sides are numerous windows, faced with stone exquisitely wrought. All these circumstances lead to a belief that there must have been some intercourse between the inhabitants of the old and new world, at very remote periods."

A very interesting communication has recently been made to the New York Lyceum, by Dr Samuel Akerly, containing the substance of a number of letters addressed to himself and to the late Dr Mitchill, by Dr Francis Corroy of Tobasco, in Central America; who has several times visited the Palencian ruins, and has been for the last fifteen years diligently engaged in collecting materials, and preparing a work for publication, on the subject. Dr Corroy appears to have prosecuted this undertaking with unwearied zeal, and with a great expenditure of time and money; and from the opinions which are expressed of his qualifications, we are led to expect much from the result of his labors.

In the 'Investigation' of Cabrera, which we have mentioned as annexed to Del Rio's Report, that writer endeavors to prove that the people by whom the Palencian city was inhabited, were the descendants of a Carthaginian colony which arrived in America previous to the first Punic War; and that the name of this city, which was the capital of the kingdom founded by these African adventurers, was *Huchuetlapallan;* which he says is a compound name, of two words, *huehue*, old, and *Tlapallan;* the adjective being prefixed to the name to distinguish it from three other places which the colonists founded in the districts of their new kingdom, to perpetuate their attachment to their ancient country, and their grief at being expelled from it." The same appellation is also given to the ancient city, by Torquemada.

Professor Rafinesque, of Philadelphia, who has been, for some years, engaged in the preparation of a work on the History and Antiquities of America, states that the name of the city was *Otolum*, which word is mentioned by Del Rio, as the name of the river which flows near the ruins. This word, according to Professor Rafinesque, signifies *The waters of Tol*, and the city was the capital of the *Tol-tecas*, or people of Tol, who were the descendants of the *A-talans*, called by the Greeks, *Atlantes*. In speaking of the inscriptions found at that place, he remarks, in a letter to Dr Corroy:—

"I have analyzed the *glyphs* of Palenque, and have discovered that each glyph is a word composed of ornamented letters, after the manner of our anagrams, and according to the practice of the ancient Chinese. I have collected many of these letters, forming glyphs, (for they take many forms, as in Egypt,) and have compared them with the two ancient, known alphabets of Africa, the Lybian and the Tuaric, the parents of the ancient African Atlantes. Here is my great discovery; and it is for you, and other explorers of the ruins, to verify and confirm it."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have inadvertently omitted to acknowledge the receipt of a Translation from the Greek; which would have been inserted, were it not for the fact that the admirers of the ancient author are already in possession of a complete English version of his work.

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

'My Youth:' a translation of the Preface to the Works of Alexander Dumas.

Notice of the 'Memoir of Roger Williams.' (Our correspondent has, in this instance, done that which we should ourselves have cheerfully undertaken, on the appearance of the work; had those interested in its publication considered a notice of it in Rhode-Island of sufficient consequence to induce them to send a copy for examination.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.—The Mendicant; (Translation.) The Ancient Ruins in Guatemala.——*Poetry.*—Stanzas, "To J." by James O. Rockwell.—The Deserted.

SELECTIONS.—Port Royal; by Samuel Hassard.——*Poetry.*—The Lover's Meditation.—'Ask me no more.'

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE LOVER'S MEDITATION.

BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

She bade me leave her—and in future deem her
But as a friend,—So should she think of me.
As if the "chartered libertine," the mind,
Could be subdued and taught forgetfulness,
While each repulsive lesson would revive
Love's dear remembrance, and confirm it more.
—'T is all in vain—the heart can never learn
To throb by rule, or shun what it adores.
—Friendship may swell to love and fill the soul,
But love ne'er shrinks to friendship, till it dies.
Extremes beget extremes, and sometimes hate
Usurps the throne of tenderness and joy,
And riots in their ruin.—But true love
Shudders at diminution as at death;
Nay, it is death—the glowing heart is cold,
Is cheerless; all its charms are lost,
And from its former height it sinks, at once,
To the low level of instinctive brutes.
Hearts that have ever loved as we *should* love,
Will stoop to no abatement—no restraint—
No change—no barter—but a soul for soul!
Why cease to love—or cease to be beloved?
The great Creator taught the breast to glow
With generous emotion; and to cling,
Close as to life, to sympathetic arms.
What is the world without it; what the glare
Of pride and pomp—of wealth and pageantry?
They cannot buy, vain-glorious as they are,
The least emotion that I feel for thee:
Who is the richer then? the wretch that hugs
His golden store—and nightly gloats upon 't—
Or the worn spirit—that shakes off its chains,
—This clod of earth—and limitless, and pure,
As heaven's own ray, sheds light and transport 'round?

* * * * * * *

—'T is not the offering—worthless as it is,
That constitutes the value of the gift.
It is the heart that makes it—the warm heart
That glows and gushes with the dear requital
That love, and love alone, shall yield for love,
Pure, spotless, hallowed, and eternal love.
Millions of tribute, which the unwilling hand
Pays, while the soul withholds its sympathies,
Or shrinks from the exaction; what are they,
But dull and slavish homage from a slave,
Giving what fear forbids him to refuse,
Or power resistless ever may enforce?
What mutuality can this bespeak
Beyond external seeming—the base traffic
Of sordid worldlings, wedded to themselves,
Giving to take—or yielding to receive?
—The feeblest impulse that affection prompts
Is worth a kingdom—kingdoms could not buy it:
It springs spontaneous in the human heart,
Unbribed—unfettered—precious as the blood
That thrills in circling eddies through the veins,
Offspring and guardian of life's citadel.
—Accept then, and thus value, the poor gift;
Poor in itself—but rich in the emotion,
—The tenderness and love, it breathes for thee.
And when in after time, the frost of age
Shall bleach those raven locks—and crop the rose,
That blooms upon thy cheek—(long may it bloom,)
Give one reflection to the hours of joy,
Of hope—of happiness, we 've passed together—
And in that dear remembrance, laugh at time;
And live once more through scenes of pleasure past.

ASK ME NO MORE.

BY CAREW.

Ask me no more,—where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For, in your beauty's orient deep,
Those flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more,—whither doth stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, Heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more,—whither dost haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For, in your sweet, dividing throat,
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more,—where those stars light
That downward fall at dead of night;
For, in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more,—if East or West,
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

TIME.—It is said by a celebrated modern writer, "take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable hint; and might be very reasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well doing," from the thought of having a great deal to do. The present is all we have to manage: the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain: nor is it fair to burden one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we still need set but one step at a time, and this process continued, would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own little burden, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one* could be sustained, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labors, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected.—Now this is unjustly laying the burden of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as he can, and if he were to live to the age of Methuselah, he would never err. But the common error is, to resolve to act right *to-morrow*, or *next time*, but *now*, just *this* once, we must go on the same as ever.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day; merely because we forget that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes, with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils.—*Jane Taylor.*

THE MOST POLITE MAN IN THE WORLD.—The politest man of the last century, was the Duke de Coislin, of whom a thousand amusing anecdotes are related in the memoirs of his time. During the war of the Palatinate, one of the Rhinegraves, made prisoner by the French army, was committed to his guardianship; and the Duke, having of course but one bed at his disposal, offered it to his guest, who, with equal politeness, refused. The following morning they were found asleep in the tent; the mattress unoccupied; and the two Chesterfields lying at each side, on the bare ground.—Sometime afterwards, the Rhinegrave being on parole at Paris, came to visit the Duke de Coislin, at his hotel; who, according to his usual custom, insisted on waiting upon his Highness to the door of his carriage. But the Rhinegrave, embarassed by his attentions, and having vainly insisted on his remaining in the drawing-room, double-locked the door of the ante-chamber, and fled with precipitation; believing himself quite secure from further civilities. Coislin, however, was not to be outdone. The windows of the apartment were only a few feet from the ground; and leaping into the court-yard, the Duke was in waiting at the carriage to receive his astonished guest. In jumping out of the window, the politest of men had dislocated his thumb, and was obliged to send for Felix, the king's surgeon, by whom the history was reported at Court. The thumb was re-set, and Coislin recovering, when, on Felix's last visit, he unfortunately insisted upon accompanying so distinguished a person as the Royal Surgeon to the door of the ante-chamber. Felix resisted:—and in the scuffle, the thumb was again put out! It now became the fashion at Versailles, to call upon the Duke de Coislin, with inquiries after his "thumb!"

GOOD BREEDING.—Many persons conceive that excess of politeness constitutes good breeding—but they are egregiously deceived—nothing can be more annoying to a modest man than to be pestered with civilities. A well bred man will endeavor to relieve his guest from all restraint, and will not, by impertinent but well meant importunity, be perpetually reminding him that he is a guest.

FIRST FEMALE ACTORS.—In proof that Desdemona was the first character performed by a female, Mr Malone quotes, from a "very scarce miscellany," a prologue, written by Thomas Gordon, to introduce the first woman that came to act on the stage, in the tragedy called the "Moor of Venice." The following extract from the prologue, will show the necessity of the innovation, and the plea put forward to justify its adoption.

"Our *women* are defective, and so sized,
You 'd think they were some of the guard disguised;
For, to speak truth, *men* act, that are between
Forty and fifty, *wenches* of fifteen;
With bones so large, and nerve so incompliant,
When you call *Desdemona*, enter *Giant*."

The following passage from a "Prologue to the King," in Jordan's "Royal Arbor," is to the same purpose:

"For, doubting we should never play again,
We have played all our *women* into *men*;
That are of such large size for flesh and bones,
They 'll rather be taken for Amazons,
Than tender maids."

That the style of such writings as are intended to attract the public eye, be more elevated than that of private letters, is as requisite as it is for the pulpit of a preacher to be somewhat above the level of his auditors.

LUKE AND DAMIEN.—From Boswell's Life of Johnson, it appears that line four hundred and twenty of Goldsmith's Poem of "The Traveller," and the concluding ten lines, except the following couplet, were furnished by Dr. Johnson.

"The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and *Damien's* bed of steel."

Of Luke it is stated, that in the "*Respublica Hungarica*," there is an account of a desperate rebellion in 1514, headed by two brothers, Luke and George Zeck. When quelled, George, not Luke, was punished, by his head being encircled with a red-hot iron crown.

Damien was a fanatic, who in the year 1756, attempted to assassinate Louis XV., and actually wounded him, in the presence of his son and his guards. When put to the torture, he declared it was not his intention to kill the King, but only wound him, that God might touch his heart, and incline him to restore peace to his dominions, which had been much agitated by the disputes between the Parliament and Clergy respecting the Papal Bull *Unigenitus*, which was enforced by the King, in opposition to the Parliament and people, and by which the Jansenists were declared heretical.

Although the insanity of Damien was evident from his expressions, he was put to a most cruel and lingering death by the rack, which is figuratively called a "bed of steel."

"NOTABLE WOMEN," says Madame Roland, "are insupportable to the world and to their husbands, by a fatiguing pre-occupation about their trifling concerns. A wife should superintend every thing, without saying a word about it, and with such a command of temper and management of time, as will leave her the means of pleasing by good humor, intelligence and grace, so natural to her sex. She should avoid noise, particularly the bawling out about the house to servants, and shun hurry and confusion—that those about her may not be harrassed and annoyed by her vociferousness, her bustle and everlasting augmentation of the value of trifles; for a studious attention to petty objects, is the sure sign of a parsimonious and narrow mind. Above all, she should cautiously avoid commanding or dictating to her husband in what relates to himself, his little comforts, or his opinions, if she wishes to preserve his respect for her virtues, and to live secure in his affections, and devotedness too often diminished, and frequently entirely lost, by the tracasities of a *notable* wife.

Plutarch relates that, at Syracuse, Demænetus, in a full assembly of the people, having reprehended several of Timoleon's actions during the time that he was General, Timoleon made no answer to it; but only told the people that he heartily thanked the gods for having granted what he had so often requested and desired in his prayers, which was, that he might once see the Syracusans enjoy the perfect freedom and privilege of saying what they pleased.

SUICIDE.—Dr. Johnson having expressed a decided opinion against suicide, Mr Boswell said, "Suppose a man is absolutely sure, that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which would be utter disgrace and expulsion from society." "Then," said Johnson, "let him go to some place where he is not known: do n't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known."

LABOR LOST.—A learned man of Naples, Martorelli, occupied himself for two years in writing an enormous memoir in order to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of glass for windows; and fifteen days after the publication of his folio, a house was discovered in Pompeii, all the windows of which were paned with glass.

LIVING CLOCK.—Dr. Willis mentions an idiot, who was accustomed to repeat the strokes of a clock near which he lived, with a loud voice. Afterwards having been removed into a parish where there was no church clock, he continued, as before, to call the hours successively; and this with so great accuracy, both as to the number of tolls which he pretended to count, and as to the length of the intervening hours, that the family where he boarded, conducted all their business by his proclamation of time.

Hope is the last thing that dieth in man—and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use for us, that while we are travelling through life, it conducts us an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.—*Rochefoucault.*

PRIDE.—If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his at the same time.—*Swift.*

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